

SPIRITUAL TIMES,

A WEEKLY ORGAN FOR THE PROMOTION OF SPIRITUAL & PROGRESSIVE TOPICS,
A REGISTER OF PASSING SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA,
AND
A MISCELLANY OF SPIRITUAL LITERATURE.

Spiritualism unfolds to our internal senses substantial realities; it presents us not only with the semblances, but with the positive evidences of eternal existence, causing us to feel that the passing shadows we speak of belong not to the Spiritual, but to the Material world. It is easy to imagine that we are dealing with the absolute and enduring, because we associate our thoughts with the external and apparently lasting, but, on reflection, we discover that the only absolute and enduring facts are beyond the tomb.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1864.

PRICE 2d.

"You must all Believe in Spiritualism, for the Truth will come out."—*Spirit-message delivered at a public meeting*
January 18, 1864

The Spiritual Times.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1864.

THE NATURE OF MEDIUM REVELATIONS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

Mr. Mogridge has again ventured upon the field,—he has once more volunteered to do battle for Matter, with all the courage he possesses. He has fought bravely hitherto, and we pause to give vent to our exclamations of wonder!!!! How he could endure the heat of the conflict against such odds is to us a mystery. He is again fighting, but strange to say, his ammunition, like the "upholstery" he speaks of, is of a very cheap and not at all effective quality. There are some men who never know defeat, who prefer death: is Mr. Mogridge one of them? If so, we have so much regard for him, we shall deem it humane to spare him further strife. But with all our humanity, what can we do? All his shot have been met with counter-shot, and at every point he has found himself in the wrong position. It is one of the sad chances of war that we *must* fight with our enemies when they *will* fight with us, or allow ourselves to be taken prisoners, or otherwise suffer degradation. Let us briefly survey the original cause of quarrel, and trace the gradual "falling off" of the adversary. Mr. Mogridge, as our readers may remember, opened his budget of curious objections by admitting that at certain epochs spiritual re-appearances can be attested. We replied by claiming him as a Spiritualist. But other remarks came in due order, urging "the degrading nature of medium revelations." We were told it was "better to have no communication at all than one that should puzzle the senses to explain it." We answered—most of the operations of spirit and matter would puzzle the senses to explain them, but would it be better to have nothing to do with them in consequence? If so, it would be better to have nothing to do with God because the infinite *must* puzzle the finite senses to explain Him. What has Mr. Mogridge done to answer this defect in his logic? He has gone on with the eternal "why don't the spirits do so-and-so?" as though it was worthy of a man with pretensions to knowledge, to refuse to investigate because, at a superficial glance, everything does not tickle his own eccentric fancies. At every fresh effort to shirk the

question at issue he has only proved his own weakness. When he told us that medium revelations are degrading, because communications from the spirit-world come second-hand, and were second-rate, colored by the idiosyncracies of the soul through which they come; we replied: direct communications were best, but where they could only be obtained in an indirect manner (through a medium) it was better to accept them as such than to have nothing whatever to do with them. This plain idea has, we think, been prominent in all our articles. We never said, nor do we believe, that perfect communications can come through imperfect media. We never said, nor do we believe, that all mediums are of the higher order. We know that some are gross, and the very last persons to whom we should go for a message from the other world of a holy character. All we have contended for is the fact that spiritual manifestations of a *low* and a *high* character come to us through media. This is the kernel, in the shell which Mr. Mogridge has to crack: do Spiritual manifestations take place? If so, how? We hoped our friend would have manfully undertaken to crack this nut; but from some reason, (perhaps his intellectual teeth are sore) he has avoided the real question involved in the kernel of the nut, and gone ahead cracking simply soft husks. Our position has never been deserted. We began with the facts of the manifestations in view,—we *knew* them to exist. Mr. Mogridge, engaged perhaps in reading George Macdonald's novel, allowed us to shift him from his position, and to make our victory certain. What has Mr. Mogridge done to prove to us that modern spirit manifestations do not exist? Nothing! on the contrary, he has urged their probability in his ingenuous admission that "History warns him against a too great incredulity," &c., of course, he then referred to the past. But if history warns him against a too great incredulity respecting re-appearances in the past, surely the modern facts, attested by millions of intelligent men and women of the highest integrity, ought to warn him against a too great incredulity regarding the present. How does he learn to value authorities fifteen or eighteen centuries old, more than those living in his own day, and whose testimony is unimpeachable? But this is only one of the numerous incongruities which mark our friend's arguments. The week before last his third letter appeared. Let us examine its properties. The writer opens with a reiteration "that spirit-messages received through a medium instead of direct from the original sender were unsatisfactory." What can we do but reply by reiterating what we have before said, that a direct message is better than an indirect one, but an indirect one is better than none at all. What then is the



use of Mr. Mogridge harping constantly on one string, when he had the objection answered before his eyes? He does not see that singers like Jenny Lind, and poets like Shakspeare, are mediums for inspiration, and that those who receive their divine strains *must* receive them second-hand, colored by the idiosyncracies of the soul through which they come, and he notices that we used his word *idiosyncracies* in the singular instead of the plural. We find either the writer, editor, or printer has blundered, but fail to see the difference it made to the logic. Here is the passage wherein occurs the word *idiosyncracy*, and not *idiosyncracies*, as Mr. Mogridge says it is:—"The communication received through the senses to the soul is a personal and individual one; whereas that transmitted through a medium is avowedly second-hand, second-rate, colored by the idiosyncracy of the soul through which it comes." This we have all along admitted, but have endeavoured to show that most messages, even those that come through the soul of a Shakspeare, are second-hand, and colored by the idiosyncracies of the soul through which they come. "Ask a medium," says Mr. Mogridge, "to interpret Jenny Lind's rich notes, and you would receive, it appears to me, abundant proof of the fallacy of your own theory, and the correctness of mine." There would, we imagine, be less sense in this than in asking the flower why it yieldeth honey to the bee and not to the ox. Is Mr. Mogridge so blind to the "other view" of his subject that he cannot see that if our idea be correct that Jenny Lind herself is a medium for song, it would be absurd to ask another medium to do for her that which she does so well for herself? The character of mediumship is as diverse as the changing tints of autumn. The soul that gives vocal form to beauty is adapted for that special purpose, and, it may be, for few other purposes. There would be about as much sense in asking a medium like Mrs. Marshall to interpret the rich notes of Jenny Lind, as there would be in asking Jenny Lind to interpret the war-howl of a savage, or the screeching of an owl. Pray, Mr. Mogridge, are you serious? Do you call this kind of logic a defence of your position? Are we to have the lower order of mediumship to take the place of the higher, and *vice versa*, merely to gratify a whim of yours, that you may be saved the trouble of investigating the subject which you so tamely and inefficiently handle?

The next weak effort at a victory comes with very bad grace. Mr. Mogridge was asked by us in our last article if he were satisfied our Bible was not handed down to us mistranslated? or that any two translators agree? He now replies,—“Your remark as to the translation of the Bible does not touch the point. All parties agree, at least, that the sense of the original remains unimpaired.” If so, why have we had such furious wars over the various *translated* texts? No original manuscripts of the Testaments exist belonging to an earlier period than the 5th century, and no two manuscripts agree. If Mr. Mogridge's assertion be true, how comes it to pass that at the present day there are actually in use *three* recognised translations, which materially differ in points of doctrine. These are the Douay, the Unitarian, and the authorised versions. As regards the question of doctrinal differences, one of the leading texts which is supposed to establish the doctrine of the Trinity is shown by Sir Isaac Newton to be an interpolation.

We do not desire to carp at every little difficulty which translators have squabbled about. We only refer to the fact which is everywhere known among scholars, that all translations are subjected to the filtering process of the soul or mind through which they pass. The argument is simply contained in a nutshell (another nutshell for Mr. Mogridge to crack). The higher the cultivation of the translator, supposing him to be apt at comprehension, the more perfect the translation. Slovenly and poor translators will produce very imperfect translations. Apply this kind of reasoning to mediums, and Mr. Mogridge will understand that our position, which he has not been able to disturb, has been, first,—spiritual manifesta-

tions take place; secondly, they are demonstrated through media. It is child's play moping about the hedge in search of dried husks, which have dropped down from the steins, whilst the ripened kernels of truth are inside sound, fresh nuts, which not only require gathering, but cracking. We dispose our mind to hope Mr. Mogridge will recast his views, and thoroughly examine his position. When he has proved himself deserving, he shall have the medals we promised him; he ought not to expect them without deserving them.

Spirit Manifestations.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS,

Judge of the Supreme Court of America.

It was in January, 1851, that my attention was first called to the subject of "Spiritual Intercourse." I was at the time withdrawn from general society; I was labouring under great depression of spirits. I was occupying all my leisure in reading on the subject of death, and man's existence afterward. I had, in the course of my life, read and heard from the pulpit so many contradictory and conflicting doctrines on the subject, that I hardly knew what to believe; I could not, if I would, believe what I did not understand, and was anxiously seeking to know, if after death we should again meet with those whom we had loved here, and under what circumstances. I was invited by a friend to witness the "Rochester Knockings." I complied, more to oblige her and to while away a tedious hour. I thought a good deal on what I witnessed, and I determined to investigate the matter, and find out what it was. If it was a deception, or a delusion, I thought that I could detect it. For about four months I devoted at least two evenings in a week, and sometimes more, to witnessing the phenomenon in all its phases. I kept careful records of all I witnessed, and from time to time compared them with each other, to detect inconsistencies and contradictions. I read all I could lay my hands on about the subject, and especially all the professed "exposures of the humbug." I went from place to place, seeing different mediums, meeting with different parties of persons, often with persons whom I had never seen before, and sometimes where I was myself entirely unknown—sometimes in the dark and sometimes in the light—often with inveterate unbelievers, and more frequently with zealous believers. In fine, I availed myself of every opportunity that was afforded, thoroughly to sift the matter to the bottom. I was all this time an unbeliever, and tried the patience of believers sorely by my scepticism, my captiousness, and my obdurate refusal to yield my belief. I saw around me some who yielded a ready faith on one or two sittings only; others again, under the same circumstances, avowing a determined unbelief; and some who refused to witness it at all, and yet were confirmed unbelievers. I could not imitate either of these parties, and refused to yield unless upon most irrefragable testimony. At length the evidence came, and in such force that no sane man could withhold his faith.

Thus far, the question I was investigating was, whether what I saw was produced by mere mortal means, or by some invisible, unknown agency; in other words, whether it was a deception, an imposition, or what it professed to be, the product of some unknown unseen cause. To detail what I witnessed would far exceed the limits of this communication, for my records of it for those four months alone, fill at least one hundred and thirty closely written pages. I will, however, mention a few things, which will give a general idea of that which characterized interviews, now numbering several hundreds. Most of them have occurred in the presence of others besides myself. I have preserved their names in my records, but do not give them to the world, because I do not desire to subject them to the obloquy which seems, most strangely, to be visited upon all who look into the matter with any other feeling than a resolute and obstinate incredulity, whatever the evidence. But these considerations grow out of this fact:—1st, that I have thus very many witnesses, whom I can invoke to establish the truth of my statements; and 2nd, that if I have been deluded, and have not seen and heard what I think I have, my delusion has been shared by many as shrewd, as intelligent, as honest, and as enlightened people as are to be found anywhere among us.

My attention was drawn to the intercourse by the rappings, then the most common, but now the most inconsiderable, mode of communing. Of course I was on the look-out for deception, and at first relied upon my senses, and the conclusions which my reason might draw from their evidence. But I was at a loss to tell how the mediums could cause what I witnessed under these circumstances:—The mediums walking the length of a suite of parlours, forty or fifty feet, and the rappings being distinctly heard five or six feet behind them, the whole distance, backward and forward several times; being heard near the top of a mahogany door, above where the medium could reach, and as struck hard with a fist; being heard on the bottom of a car when travelling on a railroad, and on the floor and the table when seated at lunch, at an eating-house by the side of the road; being heard at different parts of the room, sometimes several feet distant from the medium, and where she could not reach—sometimes on the table, and immediately after on the floor, and then at different parts of the table in rapid succession, enabling us to feel the vibration as well as hear the sounds: sometimes when the hands and feet of the medium were both firmly and carefully held by some one of the party, and sometimes on a table when no one touched it.

After depending upon my senses, as to these various phases of the phenomenon, I invoked the aid of science, and with the assistance of an accomplished electrician and his machinery, and eight or ten intelligent, educated, shrewd persons, examined the matter. We pursued our enquiries many days, and established to our satisfaction two things:—first, that the sounds were not produced by the

agency of any person present or near us; and, second, that they were not forthcoming at our will and pleasure.

In the meantime, another feature attracted my attention, and this was "physical manifestations," as they are termed. Thus, I have known a pine table with four legs, lifted bodily up from the floor, in the centre of a circle of six or eight persons, turned upside down and laid upon its top at our feet, then lifted up over our heads and put leaning against the back of the sofa on which we sat. I have known that same table to be tilted up on two legs, its top at an angle with the floor of forty-five degrees, when it neither fell over of itself, nor could any person present put it back on its four legs. I have seen a mahogany table, having only a centre leg, and with a lamp burning upon it, lifted from the floor at least a foot, in spite of the efforts of those present, and shaken backward and forward as one would shake a goblet in his hand, and the lamp retain its place, though its glass pendants rang again. I have seen the same table tipped up with the lamp upon it, so far that the lamp must have fallen off unless retained there by something else than its own gravity; yet it fell not, moved not. I have known a dinner bell taken from a high shelf in a closet, rung over the heads of four or five persons in that closet, then rung around the room over the heads of twelve or fifteen persons in the back parlour, and then borne through the folding door to the farther end of the front parlour, and there dropped on the floor. I have frequently known persons pulled about with a force which it was impossible for them to resist, and once, when all my own strength was added in vain to that of the one thus affected. I have known a mahogany chair thrown on its side, and moved swiftly back and forth on the floor, no one touching it, through a room where there were at least a dozen people sitting, yet no one was touched, and it was repeatedly stopped within a few inches of me, when it was coming with a violence, which, if not arrested, must have broken my legs.

This is not a tithe—nay! not a hundredth part—of what I have witnessed of the same character, but it is enough to show the general nature of what was before me.

At the same time, I have heard from others, whose testimony would be credited in any human transaction, and which I could not permit myself to disregard, accounts of still more extraordinary transactions, for I have been by no means as much favoured in this respect as some.

Whilst these things were going on, there appeared in the newspapers various explanations and "exposures of the humbug," as they were termed. I read them with care, in the expectation of being assisted in my researches, and I could not but smile at once at the rashness and the futility of the explanations. For instance, while certain learned professors in Buffalo were congratulating themselves on having detected it in the toe and knee joints, the manifestations in this city changed to ringing a bell placed under the table. They were like the solution lately given by a learned professor in England, who attributes the tipping of tables to a force in the hands which are laid upon it, overlooking the material fact that tables quite as frequently move when there is no hand upon them.

What I have thus mentioned has happened in the presence of others as well as myself. I have not alluded to any of the things which have occurred to me when I have been alone, for as that would depend upon my testimony only, I have preferred not to subject my veracity to the rash and reckless contradictions of those who venture to denounce as an "atrocious imposture" that of which they are profoundly ignorant, and which has been examined and is believed in by thousands and tens of thousands of their fellow-citizens, who are, to say the least, every whit as honest and as intelligent as they are. Nor am I very anxious to submit my faith to the judgment of those who would have persecuted Galileo nigh unto death for discovering our planetary system, and have united in the cry of "folly" at Fulton's steamboat, "humbug" at Morse's telegraph, and "insanity" at Gray's iron road.

Having thus, by a long series of patient enquiries, satisfied myself on this point, my next enquiry was, whence comes the intelligence there is behind it all? For that intelligence was a remarkable feature of the phenomenon.

Thus, I have frequently known mental questions answered, that is, questions merely framed in the mind of the interrogator, and not revealed by him nor known to others. Preparatory to meeting a circle, I have sat down alone in my room and carefully prepared a series of questions to be propounded, and I have been surprised to find my questions answered, and in the precise order in which I wrote them, without my even taking my memorandum out of my pocket, and when I knew that not a person present even knew that I had prepared questions, much less what they were. My most secret thoughts, those which I have never uttered to mortal man or woman, have been freely spoken to as if I had uttered them. Purposes which I have privily entertained have been publicly revealed; and I have once and again been admonished that my every thought was known to, and could be disclosed by, the intelligence which was thus manifesting itself.

I have heard the mediums use Greek, Latin, Spanish, and French words, when I knew they had no knowledge of any language but their own, and it is a fact that can be attested by many, that often there has been speaking and writing in foreign languages and unknown tongues by those who are unacquainted with either.

Still the question occurred, may not all this have been, by some mysterious operation, the mere reflex of the mind of some one present? The answer was, that facts were communicated which were unknown then, but afterwards found to be true; like this, for instance, when I was absent last winter in Central America, my friends in town heard of my whereabouts and of the state of my health seven times; and on my return, by comparing the information with the entries in my journal, it was found to be invariably correct. So in my recent visit to the West, my whereabouts and my condition were told to a medium in this city while I was travelling on the railroad between Cleveland and Toledo. So thoughts have been uttered on subjects not then in my mind, and uttered at variance with my own notions. This has often happened to me and to others, so as fully to establish the fact

that it was not our minds that gave birth to or affected the communication.

Kindred to this are two authenticated cases of persons who can read the thoughts of others in their minds. One is an artist of this city, of high reputation, and the other the editor of a newspaper in a neighbouring city. The latter wrote me, that in company with three friends he had tried the experiment, and for over forty successive attempts found he could read the secret thoughts of his companions as soon as they were formed, and without their being uttered. So, too, there is the instance of two persons, one of them also a resident in this city, who can give a faithful delineation of the character and even the prevailing mood of mind of any person, however unknown to them, upon whom they fix their attention.

These are not apocryphal cases. The parties are at hand, and in our very midst, and any person that pleases may make the investigation, as I have, and satisfy himself.

But all this, and much, very much more of a cognate nature, went to show me that there was a high order of intelligence involved in this new phenomenon—an intelligence outside of and beyond mere mortal agency; for there was no other hypothesis which I could devise or hear of, that could at all explain that whose reality is established by tens of thousands, and can easily be ascertained by any one who will take the trouble to inquire.

If these two points were established—and there are now in these United States hundred of thousands of sentient beings who have investigated and believe they are—then came this important question, *Cui bono?* To what end is it all? For what purpose? With what object?

To that inquiry I have directed my earnest attention, devoting to the task for over two years all the leisure I could command, and increasing that leisure as far as I could by withdrawing myself from all my former recreations. I have gone from circle to circle, from medium to medium, seeking knowledge on the subject wherever I could obtain it, either from books or from observation, and bringing to bear upon it whatever of intelligence I have been gifted with by nature, sharpened and improved by over thirty years' practice at the bar, in the legislature, and on the bench.

I found there were very many ways in which this unseen intelligence communed with us, besides the rappings and table tipping, and that through those other modes there came very many communications distinguished for their eloquence, their high order of intellect, and their pure and lofty moral tone: at the same time I discovered many inconsistencies and contradictions that were calculated to mislead. I saw many puerile and some very absurd statements, and many that were admirably calculated to make man better and happier, and I set to work to see if I could not out of this chaos gather something that might be valuable.

I was satisfied that something more was intended than the gratification of an idle curiosity; something more than pandering to a diseased appetite for the marvellous; something more than the promulgation of oracular platitudes; something more than upsetting material objects to the admiration of the wonder-lover; something more than telling the age of the living or the dead, &c.

For that something I have industriously searched. I thought that was wiser than to condemn without investigation, and denounce without knowledge. What I have discovered in that regard I have intended to give to the world, that all may judge for themselves whether there is anything in it worthy the attention of intelligent beings. It would have been done ere this if my leisure would have allowed me time to prepare my manuscript for the press. Now I expect that my book will be published by the 1st of September, and to that I refer, as I have already said, for particulars.

In the meantime, it is due to myself and to others to say, that our faith, as growing out of these researches, is not "at irreconcilable variance with revelation." How little do they, who make such charges, know of the matter! Misled by the credulities which alone are seen in the newspapers of the day, because the graver matters cannot find admission there, the idea is, I am aware, entertained by some that this new philosophy is at variance with the revelation through Christ, the Redeemer. This is, indeed, a sad mistake, and one that believers would be too happy to correct, if only the opportunity could be afforded them.

So, too, it is a grievous error to suppose that it "constitutes an abandonment of all self control, and a surrender of the supremacy of reason, as informed and enlightened by the senses." There was never yet, I venture to say, a religious creed promulgated among men which so entirely eschewed blind faith, and so fully and always demanded the exercise of the judgment and the supremacy of the reason.

Hence it is that we are taught that none of these extraordinary things, which are witnessed by so many are miraculous, or flow from any suspension of nature's laws, but are, on the other hand, in conformity with and in execution of those laws; that, like the steam engine and the magnetic telegraph, they are marvellous only to those who do not understand them, or are not familiar with them; that those laws, and the means by which they produce such results, are capable of being found out by human research; that the knowledge is not confined to a few, but is open to all, rich or poor, high or low, wise or ignorant, who will wisely and patiently search for it; and that when it is attained, it cannot but work in the heart "a closer walk with God," and an intercourse with our fellow men of a more elevated character, void of selfishness, and devoted to their absolute advancement in all knowledge and goodness, both in this world and in the world to come.

This is a part of the something which I have found in my researches. But there is more yet. There is that which comforts the mourner and binds up the broken-hearted; that which smooths the passage to the grave and robs death of its terrors; that which enlightens the atheist, and cannot but reform the vicious; that which cheers and encourages the virtuous amid all the trials and vicissitudes of life; and that which demonstrates to man his duty and his destiny, leaving

it no longer vague and uncertain. What that is I cannot in the limits of this letter explain, but in due time it will be forthcoming, and each one can judge for himself.

But now may I not ask if I overrate the importance of the subject of my enquiries? Scarcely more than four years have elapsed since the "Rochester Knockings" were first known among us. Then mediums could be counted by units, but now by thousands—then believers could be numbered by hundreds, now by tens of thousands. It is believed, by the best informed, that the whole number in the United States must be several hundred thousands, and that in this city and its vicinity there must be from twenty-five to thirty thousand. There are ten or twelve newspapers and periodicals devoted to the cause, and the Spiritual Library embraces more than one hundred different publications, some of which have already attained a circulation of more than ten thousand copies. Besides the undistinguished multitude, there are many men of high standing and talent ranked among them—doctors, lawyers, and clergymen in great numbers, a Protestant bishop, the learned and reverend president of a college, judges of our higher courts, members of Congress, foreign ambassadors, and ex-members of the United States Senate.

That which has thus spread with such marvellous celerity, in spite of the ridicule which has deterred so many from an open avowal—that which has attracted the attention of so many of the best minds among us—cannot be unworthy of my investigation, or that of persons far wiser and more reliable than I am.

It is now more than a year that my peculiar faith has been the subject of public comment. During it all I have been silent as to those attacks, content steadily to pursue my investigations until I could arrive at satisfactory results. Perhaps I have been silent too long; for in the meantime very erroneous notions as to that faith have been allowed to spring up. But I was unwilling to speak until I was as sure as I could be that I was right, lest I might utter some crudity which, by and by, I might regret, or commit some error which I might find it difficult to correct, or, in fine, unhappily mislead in my ignorance, rather than wisely guide by my knowledge.

I went into the investigation, originally thinking it a deception, and intending to make public my exposure of it. Having, from my researches, come to a different conclusion, I feel that the obligation to make known the result is just as strong. Therefore it is, mainly, that I give the result to the world. I say mainly, because there is another consideration which influences me, and that is, the desire to extend to others a knowledge which I am conscious cannot but make them happier and better.

If those who doubt this could but spend a few days with me in my library, and witness the calls I have from strangers from all parts of the country; if they could but look over my portfolio, and read the letters which pour in upon me from all sections, and from persons whom I have never seen and never may see, they would be able, from the evidence thus furnished of the good that has been done, to form some idea of what may yet be accomplished, and they would not wonder that I find a compensation for the obloquy that is so freely heaped upon me by the ignorant, in the grateful outpourings of hearts which have, by my means, been relieved. One of them says (and it is a fair specimen of the whole), "You have acted the part of the good Samaritan, and poured oil into the wound of one like to die, and you will have rendered a deathbed, sooner or later, calm and hopeful, which might have been disturbed by doubts."

This, then, is the offence for which I have been arraigned at the bar of the public with so unsparing a condemnation, declared unworthy of my high office, falsely accused of consulting aught else than the law of the land, and my own reason, in the judgments which I officially pronounce, and have had invoked against me "the fires of Smithfield and the hangings of Salem." From such a condemnation it is that I appeal to the calm, unbiased judgment of my countrymen, with a firm reliance upon its justice.—From *Adin Ballou's "Modern Spirit Manifestations."*

Correspondence.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.]

Personal Experiences.

To the EDITOR of the SPIRITUAL TIMES.

SIR,—On Saturday last I had a party here of ten or twelve persons, at the request of a Methodist clergyman who wished to investigate or see some proofs of Spiritualism. They formed a circle, which continued for over an hour, during which time very satisfactory replies were got to religious questions, some relative to the condition of the spirit, which purported to be that of a brother to one of the party, and answered questions tending to give proof of identity, all of which, to the persons present, were of a very satisfactory character.

In order to test the matter still further, amongst other questions the clergyman was told the book in the Old Testament, chapter, and verse he had selected for his text on the following Sunday.

It was also stated that it was wrong to hold communication with bad but not so with good spirits, and that a certain test would necessitate spirits to be truthful.

I may here mention that the gentleman to whom I have alluded stated that after his brother's death he dreamed he saw him rise up in his coffin, and hand him his bible, which he told him to attend strictly to.

I have been told of a strange occurrence which is taking place in a small town in the centre of Ireland, R.—a. A family there some time since took fever. The head of the family, who, I believe, held some situation in the excise, amongst the number. Finding death very near, he called for some of his family, as he wanted to tell them of some matter then pressing on his mind. None of the family could see him, being

all stricken down. Shortly after he died, and since then the house has been greatly disturbed, everything knocking about, and a hand seen coming to the door at times, and opening it.

I got the gentleman, Mr. D—, of Basset-street, who told me of it, to write yesterday evening, to get full particulars, when we may perhaps be able to show them how to investigate the matter. There are also two other houses in this city which I understand are disturbed in a similar way.

I am, sir,

Yours very truly,

EDW. S. LAUDER.

Dublin, May 26th, 1864.

Reviews.

THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Monthly (6d.). F. PITMAN, 20, Paternoster-row.

The number for this month contains a second paper on Hornung, by William Howitt; Mr. Coleman gives a few interesting facts which will be read with deep interest; Thos. Brevior talks learnedly and argumentatively on "The Mysteries of Spirit and Matter;" Mr. Home details, from his own note-book, the interrogatories and answers which took place between himself and the Inquisitor who outlawed him from Rome. Altogether, the present number is very interesting.

THE JOURNAL OF HEALTH. (2d.) JOB CAUDWELL, 335, Strand, W.C.

This is a monthly devoted to the most important of all subjects connected with our real enjoyment of existence,—Health. It is edited by Jacob Dixon. We extract the following, because it gives evidence of a fact worth knowing:—

"FEMALE PHYSICIANS."

"At length, and for the first time in England, a woman has passed an examination in medicine. We contend for the admission of women to the practice of the healing art, and it is therefore with satisfaction that we chronicle this step towards the attainment of so desirable a result. Miss Elizabeth Garrett is the name of the young lady appearing in the list of successful candidates at Apothecaries' Hall.

"For examination at the Apothecaries' Hall of London, five years of study must be gone through, and lectures must be attended on every subject connected with the science of medicine, surgery alone excepted. The first examination is in anatomy, physiology, chemistry, botany, and materia medica, and this Miss Elizabeth Garrett has just passed; for the final examination she cannot present herself until after a lapse of eighteen months, and if she succeeds in getting through that ordeal she will be entitled to be registered as a fully qualified practitioner in medicine.

"Miss Garrett has acquired to herself great credit for the courage with which she has struggled against opposition, for she has for years been seeking in vain for the opportunity she has at last met with, from other examining boards. But she will have the compensating satisfaction of knowing that the victory which she has won will be beneficial to the world. She has demonstrated that there is an opening through which women may enter the medical profession, and now that she has led the way, many will no doubt follow her leading.

"We know that a feeling is prevalent in certain quarters that it is indelicate for women to embrace the profession of medicine; but female practitioners will have quite enough to do to deal only with the diseases of women and children."

THE BRIGHTON CONTEMPLATOR. (1d.) J. TUCKNOTT, 7, Kensington Gardens, North Lane.

We have received five numbers of the above publication. We are pleased with it, and wish it success. Some of the articles have cream in them. There are some excellent scraps of poetry, which we trace to a hand familiar to us. The *Contemplator* is not only a jolly, but a pungent fellow.

Mr. J. M. Spear is to deliver an address, under spirit-impression, in Eastbourne, at 4 p.m., on Sunday, the 5th instant.—Subject, "Peter at the Sea-side."

An exciting *seance* has been held at the American President's house. We hope to present the account next week. The spirits seem as much interested in the progress of the war as the government; at any rate, the spirits of Washington, Buonaparte, Franklin, and others, are reported to offer their individual views on the subject.

Dr. Newton, of America, an extraordinary and powerful healing medium, is about to visit England. If all be true we hear about him, his visit to this country must aid the cause of Spiritualism. The Doctor, by the laying on of hands, is reported to have cured both blind and lame. Added to his list of cures is a host of cases, such as disease of the spine, &c. Tumours have vanished at his touch, and many apparently incurable diseases, in the marvellously incredible space of a few minutes, have been subdued, and health restored to the persons who had suffered under them for years. Truly the age of miracles is not past.

The Rev. R. Ainslie's late Platform Aspersion of Mr. J. H. Powell.

The Rev. R. Ainslie has thought fit to allow his public aspersion of Mr. Powell to pass. He has found insuperable difficulties in the way of *proving* his case, and does not seem the man to repair the injury he has recklessly inflicted. Two issues of the *Brighton Examiner*, and no attempt either defensive or apologetic, from the rev. traducer, has yet appeared. We print the following letter, which has been rejected by the *Brighton Examiner* of this week, on the plea that the matter is altogether a private one between Mr. Powell and Mr. Ainslie. May difference of view never part friends. We conceive his aspersion was not a private one; had it been so, the *Examiner* would not have inserted, in justice to the writer, Mr. Powell's first letter. Having made a *false* statement on a public platform, it seems to us only fair that, in the event of not substantiating his case, the rev. gentleman ought to make public acknowledgment of his error.

THE REV. R. AINSLIE AND MR. J. H. POWELL.

To the Editor of the *Brighton Examiner*.

SIR,—You kindly inserted my challenge to the Rev. R. Ainslie. I have received a letter from the rev. gentleman, requesting me to furnish him with the name of the young man whom I mesmerised, and whom he described as a blind flute player. I have been waiting,—waiting in the expectation of an apology through the columns of a Brighton paper. How is it the rev. gentleman deems it advisable to maintain such a silence? Has he visited the “blind fife or flute player,” and found it inconvenient, speaking allegorically, to put out his two good eyes, which must have pierced his conscience as his own stern peepers met their expressive glances? If the Rev. R. Ainslie has discovered he is in error, which he must have done if he took advantage of the information I afforded him at his own solicitation, why does he not add the courtesy of a Christian to the character of a man, and make the *amende honorable*?

Personally, I neither value the praise nor blame of men who recklessly build up their own fabrics of fame by destroying those of others. My desire for a public apology from the Rev. R. Ainslie rests on higher ground. If he feel no remorse at the perpetration of scandal, he ought to know I feel it a duty I owe to my fellow mesmerists to establish my own veracity for the sake of the science. Briefly then, allow me to say—I have previously quoted the Rev. R. Ainslie's public assault on my integrity, and have *proven* the applauded statement a fabrication. Can he controvert this fact? Let him, if he can. If he cannot, will he dare continue, at Christ Church, to preach the loveable precepts of the Saviour, whilst he stubbornly refuses to render ready and full reparation? If no notice is taken of this letter I shall conclude that the Rev. Robert Ainslie has allowed his “flute” to “dry” to a tune he would rather not repeat. Seriously, however, it is a position very unenviable, for a minister to calumniate a man in his absence, and then, when the calumny is proved, to stand aloof and not even so much as express contrition. Perhaps, however, the rev. gentleman thought I had no friends, and he had better kick me. If so, I forgive him for the mistake, but warn him that his silence may resemble him to Mercurius, but most certainly not to Jesus.

Very truly yours,

J. H. POWELL.

4, Portland Place, Eastbourne,
May 29th, 1864.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS.—These remarkable mediums have been exhibited before crowded houses in New York. It appears from the American papers they are tied tightly together, and in an *instant* they are untied by the spirits. Various tests have been applied to find out “the trick,” but all tests serve the cause of Spiritualism. The Boys have been tied tightly, and their hands filled with flour. Of this test the *Herald of Progress* says:—“On Wednesday evening of the last week the flour test was finally applied, and the result, as reported to us by truthful witnesses, was entirely satisfactory. Both boys were tied tightly; their hands then filled with flour, as full as it was possible to hold; all traces of it removed from the box, and the doors closed. *In an instant a human hand appeared at the window*, and on throwing the doors open, the boys' hands were still full and tight, and no flour spilled; and again, with closed doors and closed hands they were untied!”

NEW SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.—There is a probability of a new monthly Spiritual Magazine, which is to reflect the highest culture of the Spiritualists of America, being issued. We hope the magazine may be a success. To us it has, for a long time, appeared strange that England should possess a spiritual monthly magazine, which maintains its ground, whilst America, that numbers 5,000,000 believers, should be content simply with its weeklies. We understand the proposed monthly will be issued from the office of the *Banner of Light*. We shall await with interest the appearance of the first number, and doubt not, from the high talent which is promised, it will in every way meet the demand of the American people. The signs of the times prognosticate progress. Not only in America, but in England, we have cause for gratification. The spiritual truth, from its own inherent nature, must advance.

Poetry.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE BLIND GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

Oh, tell me dearest mother when I am to rise—
I hear the joyant strains of minstrel melodies;
They fall upon my ear like music from above,
And vibrate all my being with their songs of love!
I weary, mother, of the couch, and long to go
Where zephyrs' chorus birds, in summer's golden glow.
Oh! take me where the flowers diffuse rare odours sweet,
And silken, daisied paths, invite the rambler's feet.
I fear I ask too much, but you so full of kindness,
Can make me oft forget to mourn my stony blindness.

I never saw the day's pure, silent, silver light,
Nor one bright star of all that glisten on the night.
The sun that lends his magic rays to paint the flowers,
And smiles thro' frowning skies and fleet descending showers,—
The tranquil moon, whose pallid beams steal softly down
To lend a weird-like lustre to the slumbering town—
The boundless ocean with its waves and pearly cells,
And all that Art can claim where proud Improvement dwells,
Are images that fancy moulds within my mind,
To make me for a space forgetful that I'm blind!

Come, mother, re-peruse those tales you read of yore,
The breast is freed from sorrow by a touch of lore;
I love to muse upon the scenes where Virtue reigns,
And noble self-respect ennoble peasant veins.
I'll seat myself beside you and open wide my ears,
And while I hear your voice, mayhap I'll shed some tears:
But yet I shall be joyous, while the thrilling plot
Doth glow with Virtue's gems that grace both hall and cot,
And give heroic pride to men of lowly kind,
And, for a transient space, I'll cease to think I'm blind!

Sitting in my chair, when all things seem asleep,
I sometimes think of you, and while I think I weep;
I wonder oft, if you were not, where I should be,
And wonder at your strength to bear so much for me.
And wonder more how one like I can e'er repay,
Your tender, zealous kindness, growing day by day.
I mind me how you sink your own delights in mine,
And seem to bear a patience angel-like—divine.
May heaven reward you, mother, for your holy kindness;
You sometimes share or make me cease to feel my blindness!

The other day we wander'd forth thro' valleys wild,
But only I was pleased,—you went to please your child,
And culled for me the modest flowers that sweetly grow,
To gem the fragrant hedge and scent the winds that blow.
I felt the fresh, dear breezes, wafting incense free,
And heard the songs of birds that flutter'd o'er the lea—
And then I prayed to Him who made the birds to sing,
To grant me sense of sight to see them on the wing—
But thinking of your tender care and touching kindness,
I prayed no more for sense of sight, tho' doom'd to blindness.

J. H. POWELL.

I have seen and felt physical facts wholly and utterly inexplicable, as I believe, by any known and generally received physical laws. I unhesitatingly reject the theory which considers such facts to be produced by means familiar to the best professors of ledgerdom. If it be asked what impression, on the whole, has been left on my mind by all that I have witnessed in this matter, I answer, one of perplexed doubt, shaping itself into only one conviction that deserves the name of an opinion, namely, that quite sufficient cause has been shown to demand further patient and careful inquiry from those who have the patience and the opportunity needed for prosecuting it; that the facts alleged, and the number and character of the persons testifying to them, are such that real seekers for truth cannot satisfy themselves by merely pooh-pooing them.—*Professor de Morgan*.

We were sitting round a table, with other friends, with whom was also a lady who visited with my wife in the country, and the spirits spelt out Mrs. E. (meaning my wife) and Mrs. C. (meaning our friend), for both had often wondered what those strange rappings were which they heard in the country. The reason was this, they said Mrs. C. was a *tipping* medium, and Mrs. E. was a *rapping* medium. This was the first intimation that she was a medium. She had hitherto rejected all thoughts or ideas of being herself in any way the cause, although aware that the communication ceased when she at any time left the room, and commenced again when she returned. Still she hoped and believed that others were the cause of the manifestations, and not herself. Since that time we have had some very delightful and instructive communications. For the first two or three years after we became acquainted with this wonderful phenomena, we had our rooms full to overflowing with friends and strangers also, for news like this soon spreads; and most remarkable things have been witnessed by, I may say thousands of persons. I may just say here, that these occurrences were not brought about by any will of hers, for she had always been averse to anything of that sort. If the communications come voluntarily she has no objection, but she has a very strong objection to seeking them or anxiously wishing for manifestations. If there is any necessity for these manifestations, they will be permitted without our wishing and striving after them. I have invariably noticed that when we have been the least anxious we have had the best manifestations.—*T. Everitt, in the "Spirit-World."*

Scotch Defenders of the Faith.

The land of cakes is a land of noble cliffs, and may boast of many a glorious mental and moral achievement; but it has its dark side as well as its light one. Bigotry and scoundrelism have gone hand-in-hand there beforetime, and it would seem the high position of intellect which the canny Scotch have attained is not such as to eradicate the moral ulcer of pietistic prejudice which rages rampant to this day. Our readers will peruse the following letter from Mr. Howitt, as we have done, with deep interest:—

West Hill Lodge, Highgate,
May 30, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR,—We have been away for six weeks, and I am now in a chaos of arrears of all sorts, but I must tell you, as you had Conklin down with you some time ago, he has received a terrible mauling at Glasgow. Sixteen great fellows (doctors and the like Scotch whinstones, alike impervious to heaven's faith and heaven's daylight) have inveigled the poor little man down on the pretence of wishing to learn the truth, but in reality with a forgone purpose (as their pamphlet shews), to badger and insult him. They have done it effectually. Two of them wrote to me, asking, *for their private satisfaction*, about Conklin, whilst all the time they were printing a pamphlet with their account of the *séances*. Their object, undoubtedly, was to draw approbation of Conklin from me, and so extend their charge to the Spiritualists generally, saying,—“See the sort of humbugs these leading Spiritualists patronize!” But as I never have anything to do with *paid* mediums, and never saw Conklin in my life, I told them that it was a matter that did not concern me or Spiritualism, which now, based on the familiar knowledge of millions, does not need the evidence of any individuals, neither can impostors hurt it, any more than they can hurt any other respectable body in which they may throw themselves,—that if they could detect Conklin in trickery, they ought, by all means, to expose him, for the benefit of truth and Spiritualism. At the same time, I warned them not to condemn him merely on their own prejudiced imaginations, for that I had seen plenty of people who would not believe their own eyes when a table rose into the air, yet were so suspicious that a medium could not move hand, foot, or eye, without their crying,—“a trick!” You have, no doubt, seen plenty of such wry-necked gentry, who see all on one side, in the long battles for the establishment of Mesmerism. I have seen doctors, on these occasions, before public audiences, conduct themselves in a more beastly manner than any Hottentot or most brutal savage of the Cannibal Isles.

The pamphlet of these Glasgowian gentry is now out, and a very base one it is. The old bullying, and insolence, and lies. A more shameful case of sixteen bullybaggers getting what they confess to be, “a poor, old, grey-headed, and melancholy-looking man,” a foreigner and stranger, into a private room, in a place where he was without friends and acquaintances, and treating him as so many bull-dogs would a bear, I have never seen. They profess to have shown Conklin to be a regular Charlatan. He may be that, but I would not believe it on such evidence, neither would any honorable man. Another thing they have most palpably shown, namely, that they are a set of ruffians and cowards. Mr. Coleman, in a letter which I expect will appear in one of the Glasgow newspapers, says that they may have shown Conklin to be a Charlatan, but that the writer of that pamphlet has shown himself to be one quite as great. And this is quite true. The pamphlet abounds with the most notorious falsehoods. One is, that Conklin is a “particular friend of Mr. Home's, and a powerful writer in the Spiritual journals.” That he is no friend of Home's I am quite certain, and I believe him to be quite as little the powerful writer in the Spiritual journals they talk of. But all this is thrown in, in order to hook Spiritualism at large on to this miserable Conklin case. The rogues must have been grievously disappointed at receiving from me a good set down instead of a backer for Conklin. Had I sent the latter, my letter would, no doubt, have figured in their pamphlet!

And this these simpletons imagine can affect Spiritualism, unwarned by the very opposite effect which all such disgraceful bullyisms have had with on Mesmerism and Spiritualism. Both being eternal truths, have risen in the face of long years of great blackguard treatment into general acknowledgment. In America it has ended in the adhesion of five millions of believers in Spiritualism. In England and all over the continent it is daily making the most prodigious strides, and that amongst the very highest ranks of intellect. We have lately had to record the avowals of Victor Hugo, Professor de Morgan and Dr. Elliotson. There are numerous cases now again known, and which will soon appear publicly, of the conviction of eminent men, both in the scientific, literary, and theatrical world, which will make these Scotch pigmies stare in astonishment, and before whom the most considerable of these Glasgow gents would appear no better than monkeys.

If this pamphlet is to be taken as an example of the standard theology of Scotland, the spiritual cause in that country must be deplorable, and must need some spiritual revelation of some kind amongst them. The writer says “we believe *all souls of the departed to be holy*.” The damned of course! He does not believe “any souls from heaven or hell” can be permitted to visit the earth again; and he evidently does not know that, in the spirit-world, there are any other regions than those two.

The occurrence is a proper warning to mediums not to go into strange places amongst hypocritical scoundrels, without a friend or friends with them to see fair play and a fair report. It is very clear that Scotland has in it men, calling themselves gentlemen, who are prepared to act the part of savages, in order to trample out advancing opinion, and that, whatever Conklin may be, they are ready to treat

the most honorable and genuine mediums in the same manner: but every medium so treated should at once throw down the money for the *séance*, tell the rogues that as they don't want truth, but a shindy, there is their fee, and so show them into the street.

Yours faithfully,

J. H. Powell, Esq.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE MEDIUMS.

AN ORIGINAL SPIRITUAL TALE.

By J. H. POWELL.

—o—

Her son received a message from his sister, praying him, if he had a spark of love, to hasten to his mother, for she was only a very short season for this life. When John received the message he had just arranged to join some companions at the race-course, and found it more to his selfish interest to take no heed of the epistle. He went one way, and his mother's spirit the other; for at the very moment the reckless John was staking his last shilling on “Red Cap,” his long suffering, faithful, and loving mother, staking her soul upon Jesus, left the life-course to join the innumerable company of the blessed.

Margaret, like a solitary weeping statue by her dead mother's bed, remained almost motionless until her warm flesh began to chill, as though the coldness of death was absorbed by the warmth of life. How long she would have wept in that statue-like position it is impossible to say, had not a kind neighbour entered, like a good Samaritan, to aid and comfort her. After her mother's funeral, and the first severe pangs had passed, the orphan, without a kind adviser, save her own honest heart, had to direct her future. Her wicked brother did not even come to the funeral. She went on her knees and prayed that as she had been dutiful to her mother, that mother's spirit might be permitted to guard her. Often, as the years came and went, did the noble girl feel within herself her dear mother's influence, but she never said so to others, because she had a natural timidity to battle against. There was no recourse left for Margaret but to secure a place at service. She was fortunate in meeting with Mrs. Bates, whom she had known in former years; and it so happened that the Humphreys were in want of a servant. Nothing could have been more to the purpose. She entered gratefully enough on her term of service, and never was there a more faithful and willing girl. Mrs. Bates liked her, Mr. Humphrey was pleased with her, and Emily and Ada positively loved her, because she was always so willing to assist or serve them in a thousand ways. The truth is, Margaret having experienced the loss of her own mother, could sympathise with the little Misses Humphrey and she did so in right honest womanly earnest. The orphan girl was deficient in those accomplishments which form the charm of English female life. She knew nothing of the fine arts, nothing of books, save that best of books which opens the gates of salvation, and shows the way to Heaven. Yet she possessed a sensible head and loving heart, which, taken for what they are worth, outbalance all the excellences of culture.

Margaret had thought earnestly over the communications she had received at the table, and the more she thought of them the more thoroughly was she convinced of their spiritual origin. She knew how her mother's affections yearned for her son John, and was logical enough to conclude that nothing could be more likely than her mother's spirit should still yearn for him. With feelings similar to this she went on her journey.

Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Jeremiah Forbes, after Margaret's departure, sat together in the study, discussing various problems, or rather conversing upon them, for Mr. Forbes persisted in not being under the restraint of philosophising, and Mr. Humphrey, to humour him, adopted the plan of asking his advice. They had talked upon all conceivable questions related to the spiritual subject, and Mr. Humphrey had elicited a tolerably clear notion of the various kinds of mediumship—all he required was to witness their action for himself, which Mr. Forbes informed him would take a considerable time.

“Never mind the time it takes, I am resolved upon giving the subject the most careful investigation. I have seen enough already to satisfy me that the mysteries of the inner world are more important than those of the outer.”

"And how do you propose to act to convince others of these wonderful things?" inquired Mr. Forbes, with one of his knowing looks.

"I shall first possess myself of a goodly number of facts, then I shall beat the stubborn unbelief of people with them."

Mr. Forbes smiled. "I fear, Mr. Humphrey, you will have a weary task before you: the scepticism of mankind is like granite, and you know how difficult it is to make an impression in that material. For my part, I think it the easiest and wisest to show experiments, and leave the hard-skulls to find their own convictions."

"But duty, Mr. Forbes, seems to me to demand that I shall make proselytes. My wife's spirit has given me a sign, and I feel irresistibly urged to the task. Then again, my conscience and reason take up the argument, and support my intention."

"There will be no turning you from your purpose, and I am not the man to try, but I must, in friendship, warn you of the danger of placing too much reliance on either spirits or mortals."

"Well, but my wife's spirit informs me I am right in devoting my life to the spread of spiritual truth, and I *know* her to have been good," reiterated Mr. Humphrey.

"Then by all means act upon her advice, but do not suppose because she is a spirit she knows everything, or because Spiritualism is a truth, the people will thank you for endeavouring to make them wise." Mr. Forbes said this with apparent nonchalance.

Mr. Humphrey replied with warmth of earnestness, "I have lived long enough to know, Mr. Forbes, that the remarks you tender have sound philosophy in them, although you yourself ignore philosophy. I know that there is danger in placing too much reliance on human beings. About spirits, however, I have less knowledge, and must bow to you. I propose to act in all my investigations with caution, yet with steadiness of purpose."

"That appears to me to be the only safe course you can run, Mr. Humphrey. Once lose caution and steadiness in these spiritual matters, I will not answer for the end justifying the means. That which is cognisant to our natural senses becomes on acquaintance very familiar, and we have excellent opportunities of giving legitimate tests, and thereby proving our safeguards. But it is very difficult to treat spiritual realities in the same way. The people all believe the evidence of their five senses, but that which comes not within their natural experience they distrust; consequently, the difficulties increase in proportion to the rarity and marvellousness of the facts brought forward for consideration."

"Very true; but if testimony is of any value, I do not myself see how thinking beings can ignore spiritual or ultra-mundane existences, seeing that the Bible and profane history uniformly recognise the appearances of the spirits or souls of those who were once in the flesh. My plan would be to make a case out with nothing but facts, substantiated by unimpeachable witnesses, then conviction would naturally enough follow."

"Your plan," persisted Mr. Forbes, "is a good one undoubtedly, but you nevertheless overlook one little item, viz., the people's preparatory mental condition for the reception of your facts. In my experience I have found that the more I instanced facts in support of my postulates the further my listeners got from me. This is all natural enough too, considering how very far off mankind are from a full and wise appreciation of spiritual things."

"The greater need, therefore, for myself and others to cudgel them into conversion."

"Do so with all hearty good wishes. I am only glad I have myself lost zest in that way," rejoined Mr. Forbes.

"Well! well! the world has not progressed without some sacrifices. I am disposed to hold fast to my flag, and hope to do valiant battle yet for the good cause. Do you not think the consciousness of devoting one's time and talents to the defence of unpopular truth, even supposing that little advance be made, is of itself satisfactory to a right mind? We all of us know that great political, social, and religious movements have been mostly originated by isolated or fragmentary portions of humanity. First the acorn, then the oak. It is from the multitude of particles the mountain is formed. A mustard seed accidentally falling upon a rock has germinated until the tiny seed has split the mighty rock. Thus we see from small beginnings great results accrue. This to my mind gives conclusive reasons for my projected mission. I would not have you believe, Mr. Forbes, however, that my enthusiasm is effe-

vescent, and not under the sober eye of my judgment. I feel quite equal to the task I have to undertake. All I want, as I have already intimated, is a goodly array of facts. Let me find my path paved with them; I shall tread it with courage and confidence."

"Had I not forsworn philosophy, Mr. Humphrey, I should envy you; as it is, I can but aid you to facts, and leave you yourself to pave your path with them. All I hope is that they may not be hints or glass to cut your feet."

"Well, for the sake of improving the time, suppose we try and evoke the spirits."

"With all my heart, Mr. Humphrey, now that we are alone, we can possibly get something good."

The two mediums sat down opposite each other at a small round table, which began to jump about freely in a few seconds.

Mr. Forbes brought his nose in close proximity with the top of the table, and said, "Now, kind spirits, please give us some good physical movements."

The table gradually rose from the ground, and took a horizontal position in mid-air, with its legs pointing towards Mr. Humphrey, who rubbed his eyes to ascertain if he were actually awake. "Well! well! this is marvellous."

"Very," added Mr. Forbes, "but do you think people will believe you outside, when you tell them this for one of your facts?"

"I am free to confess they will not be likely; but yet that is no reason why they should not be told." The table came to the ground. "The more extraordinary the fact, the greater the difficulty of making it known; the more need is there that it should be known."

Mr. Jeremiah Forbes placed his nose near the table a second time. "Thank you, kind spirits, for lifting the table off the ground, will you now favor us with something more?" The table gave three knocks. The mediums sat in silence a few seconds; nothing was heard or seen.

"Are they gone?" inquired Mr. Humphrey. "Quiet," was the reply. Then rose above the table a white bloodless hand, with nails and form as perfect as a human hand, but yet so different. "Do you see it?" whispered Mr. Forbes. "Certainly; it is a white hand." Then it was gone, and Mr. Humphrey drew a long breath.

"Well, well, Mr. Forbes, you are a powerful medium."

"Thank you for the compliment; but I am not so sure but these manifestations originate through your mediumship, Mr. Humphrey; but to settle that point we will ask the spirits. He then inquired in his usual manner, and making use of the alphabet, obtained signals to the following letters:—

We act through both.

Perhaps Mr. Forbes was less disposed to attribute all the wonder to himself, not because he was deficient in the organ of self-esteem, but because he liked Mr. Humphrey, and felt anxious to serve him.

"There, you see," he said, with a knowing smile, "you must not give me too much credit. But let us obtain all the manifestations we can, for I can assure you what has already taken place is greatly superior to anything I have seen before for a long time."

"I have heard that musical instruments have been played by invisible agency; do you think I have been misinformed?"

"Not at all; suppose you get an instrument and try."

Mr. Humphrey rose, and opened a cupboard, and brought from it a guitar. He then sat down again, and following the instructions of Mr. Forbes, held the guitar between his knees.

"Now, kind spirits, please favor us with a tune," came from the lips of Mr. Forbes, as he brought his nose close to the table.

The piece of furniture ambled about in token of assent. All was silence, which was broken, sure enough, by a beautifully timed rehearsal of "Ye Banks and Braes." Mr. Humphrey's face was radiant with delight.

"It is my own wife's admired piece. She used to play it on this very instrument!" he exclaimed.

"It is very satisfactory, no doubt, to your own mind, teaching you the truth of spirit power, Mr. Humphrey. Here is another fact for your paving stones. But if you could not expect people to believe the table rose up in the manner it did; do you think you can with less difficulty convince them of this more beautiful and marvellous evidence of invisible intelligence?"

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents should forward their communications in time to reach the Office not later than Wednesday, to ensure insertion in the current number.

Our readers will favor us by sending accounts of Apparitions, Hauntings, &c. We wish to give as many facts as our space will admit. Correspondents should allow their names and addresses to appear; accounts of a supernatural character should be given to the public free from all suspicion.

Mr. J. M. Spear has returned from Paris to London. He intends shortly to open rooms where he will see his friends and receive applications for spirit aid on behalf of the sick and the disharmonised, and give psychometric readings and sketches of character. For the present he may be addressed to the care of Mr. Henry Bielfeld, 33, Store-street, Bedford-square, London.

All communications intended for insertion must be accompanied with the names and addresses of the writers, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

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